I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauie too: God keepe Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne Bowels. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere? *Enter the Prince.*

*Prin.* What ſtand'ſt thou idle here? lend me thy Sword,
Many a Noble man lies ſtarke and ſtiffe
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are yet vnreuēg'd; I prethee lend me thy ſword.

*Fal.* O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breath a while: Turke *Gregorie* neuer did ſuch deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd *Percy*, I haue made him ſure.

*Prin.* He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy Sword.

*Fal.* Nay, before God *Hal*, if *Percy* be aliue, thou get'ſt not my Sword; but take my Piſtoll if thou wilt.

*Prin.* Giue it me: what? is it in tha caſe?

*Fall.* I *Hal*, tis hot, theres that will Sacke a Citie.

*The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottle of Sacke.*

*Prin.* What, is it a time to ieſt and dally now.

*He throwes the Bottle at him.* *Exit.*

*Fal.* If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as *Sir Walter* hath: giue me life, which, if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

*Alarme, excurſions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.*

*King.* I prethee *Harry*, withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much; Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*, goe you with him.

*P. Ioh.* Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

*Prin.* I beſeech your Maieſtie make vp,
Leaſt your retirement doe amaze your friends.

*King.* I will do ſo; my L. of *Weſtmerland* lead him to his Tent.

*Weſt.* Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your Tent.

*Prin.* Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe;
And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue

The